

'Tas been of late our lot to mark
A proud, concealed, scribbling spark,
With wit that serv'd to show at most
Its master's likeness to a post;
Yet lots of years this blado has been
Parson and speculator keen.
Now, having run this varied tom,
Ten times more pompous than before,
He sits him down with pen to prop
Cartier and Scotto's cabinet elop.
"Sir—if my judgment you'll allow,
The'n trump's—and sure I ought to know,
Ye Grits pay quick a thu submission
And acquiesce in my decision."

A scribbler, sure, of such a cast
Should not be colly, lightly pass'd;
So, reader, please, by this and that,
We'll have a little friendly chat
'Mongst all our other varied matter,
'Bout this queer bit of human nature;
A sample better made for fun,
Sure never breathed beneath the sun;
But, faith, we'll leave all else alone,
And look his written thump upon;
See, here they come loons and disjoiced,
And what a mist they leave behind;
How slow they drag, what want of sense,
Whoever saw so much pretence:

"Reform the Press, I'll lead the way,"
(So wrote this spark the other day),
"You Editors must learn to write
"In strains more courteous and polite;
"You're bunglers all, I plainly see,
"And each one must be taught by me;
"You're worthless knaves, you're triflers, too,
"Gritties and Moderates, Rouge and Blue;
"Your vile attempts, and vulgar mess,
"Disgrace the mission of the Press;
"To change this wretched state of things,
"And give these crying evils wings,
"Each one who dares a leader fame,
"Must for the future sign his name."
"Hold there," the *Leader* quick replies,
"No doubt you think you're wondrous wise;
"But, air, this fact is plainly seen,
"Instead of wise you're wondrous green;
"Very green as grass, a shining quito,
"The fact's as clear as dark from light;
"Go home and learn your A B C,
"Before you would a teacher be."
Thus "upstart" was this creature dubbed,
And by the *Leader* bravely snubbed;
The dart was winged, and close home sticks it
Within the breast of Parson Quixote.

THE "COLONIST" ON IRELAND.

Where should we find journalism brought to the highest degree of perfection, but in "old Double," publicly known as the united *Colonist* and *Atlas*? Where should we find public morality upheld in the purest style, but in those columns rendered immortal by the author of the latest essay on Newspaper Reform? To the *Colonist* therefore we turn, and in an editorial headed "Smith O'Brien in Ireland," we find the following choice selections; and if all good Irishmen and true do not now subscribe for that paper, "the devil's a witch," as the saying is. In the first place, the new editor of the journal in question, finds out that "Charles Garvan Dully aspired to be Convict-in-Chief in Australia." Now we shall not insult common sense so far as to draw any comparison between Mr. Dully and the new editor of the *Colonist*, but it is rather preposterous to be told that even an Irishman should aspire to such an exalted position as "Convict-in-Chief" in any community.

In the next place, the writer of this article seems to have rather a foggy idea of courage, for farther on he says that John Mitchell, J. D. McGee, Duffly, and other cattle of that specie, would not have the courage to commit suicide under certain given discouraging circumstances. Now, we have heard of several orders of valor—but we cannot remember ever to have seen suicide in the catalogue; and we are sure the public will have no objection that the editor of the *Colonist* should, at once, prove himself a courageous man in the manner he has just referred to.

Smith O'Brien, the editor finds out, had some good traits of character, foremost among which he will not deny, is, that he is an Irishman in instincts. Irishmen generally will not deny that Smith O'Brien—poor Smith O'Brien, as the *Colonist* compassionately calls him—may have been an Irishman by instinct, inasmuch as he happened to be born in Ireland. But when the editor comes on to talk of a "gunghill of Irish grievances," we think it high time for all sensitive readers to hold their nostrils. Having made known Smith O'Brien to his readers as an animal of instinct, the editor proceeds to put certain reasons into his mouth to account for the rebellion of 1848, which are second only to the above definition:

"Smith O'Brien, says he in so many words, thinks that attempt at rebellion was justifiable because Great Britain had not kept the potato rot out of Ireland, or sent her enough of potatoes instead of Indian corn meal, when that *British scourge* had been allowed to cross to the Emerald Isle."

Who ever heard such flat, stupid nonsense? Does the editor really think that besides himself any one was ever so lost to common sense as to imagine that Great Britain could have kept the potato rot out of Ireland; and what can he possibly mean by "that British scourge?" Is it the potatoes or is it the Indian corn? But we 'are delaying. After wading through half a column of statements, which only serve to show that the editor knows nothing whatever of what he is writing about, we come to such appalling nonsense as the following:

"Well, the pre-requisite revolutions and transfer of physical power had taken place—and—yes, there's the rub—what follows revolutions?"

What do those hysterical dashes between "and" and "yes" mean? Where is the rub? Does any one see any "rub" in the matter? And lastly, what does follow revolutions? If we might venture to guess, we should say—no revolutions; but the editor could not mean such an abstract conclusion, for in a line or two after he petrifies us with the annexed question and answer:

"Well what came of this overturning of dynasties and calling up of multitudes? Why, the immovable toppling over of the broad top on a narrow base!"

After this, it cannot be denied that cause and effect may occasionally go mad. The broad top overturns on the narrow base, as soon as dynasties are overthrown and multitudes called out. What an exquisite state of things must have existed after this revolution. Imagine dynasties and multitudes standing on their heads, their narrow bases, having their broad tops,—their other extremities, we suppose—flaunting it bravely in the air? Apprehensive lest from this topsy-turvy state of things, it should be apprehended that Ireland along with other islands might have turned an innocent somersault, and be at the present moment standing on her

head in the middle of the Atlantic, we are assured in the conclusion that

"Ireland is now about where the green Isle was in 1848."

The proposition about, clearly shows that Ireland did not escape scott free; but that she was slightly "spilled" by the head-over-heel-autics alluded to above; and that she may now be picked up in or about her old position. The last extract which we shall quote is certainly as far beyond all the rest as the song of the nightingale is above the croak of the toad. Here it is.

"Newspaper patriots, like the Mitchells and McGees, have wrought up their followers to a high pitch—a 400. High monument to hanged rebels has just been laudatiously inaugurated—but they probably will think of the ever memorable 1848, and conclude that extravagance is the bane of the jamming-off phase, from which it is axiomatic to draw back."

Neither the italics nor the beautiful syntax which we have given prominence to are ours. After reading the above quotations who does not shudder at the threatened infliction of seeing the editor of the *Colonist's* name displayed some fine morning in black and white at the head of his newspaper. The only circumstance that could reconcile us to such a dreadful discovery is that he would be the more easily found by the Lunatic Asylum officers.

The Chatham Planet great in Geography.

—The Chatham Planet heads a paragraph detailing the particulars of the attack upon Sir H. L. Bulwer in the streets of Pera, thus—"SIR H. L. BULWER IN INDIA." Now, we don't see the propriety of the heading, unless the Planet means to assert that Pera, a suburb of the metropolis of Turkey, is in India. We have heard of Turkey in Europe, of Turkey in Asia even, but of Turkey in India—never. Perhaps, however, the Editor of the Planet means to publish an improved Geography, in which, in addition to the above, we shall have Japan set down as an island in Lake Ontario, England as a country on the borders of the Red Sea, and Canada as the narrow isthmus which divides North and South America. Well, this is preëminently the age of discovery, and why shouldn't the Chatham Planet contribute its quota.

Barney French and the London Mayoralty.

—A few days since the citizens of London in Public Meeting assembled, nominated five gentlemen as candidates for the Mayoralty. We perceive, with unfeigned surprise, that the list does not include Barney French, Esq. How could the citizens of London thus erroneously ignore Mr. Barney's eminent services, and what are Messrs. Carling, Talbot, and Ferguson about? By the bye, we perceive that the *Prototype* isn't satisfied with the favorite candidate. What a splendid opportunity for it to bring out its manufacturer of "capital jokes." We give Barney the hint, and he is only to threaten a collapse to that "subscription list" and the thing is done.

—The evident desire manifested by the new Editor of the *Colonist* to "own up," has induced us to present our readers with the following Charade:

My second, third, and fourth, Webster defines "a dot, an idiot, a blockhead;" my second and first are a disjunctive conjunction; my third an indefinite article, and my whole, with the prefix of "parson," furnishes an answer to the question, Who's the new Editor of the *Colonist*?